







# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
No. 18, RAND STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10, 1858.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

FOUNDED BY J. H. WOOD.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKS RECEIVED.



## ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Be not envious.  
At this, a long street  
Put a pat, pat-pat,  
To the jingling bell.  
Hark! he is over the way  
With a rush and a whiz,  
And his Valentine's Day!

Pat pat-pat.  
Oh, the quick, quick feet  
He is in at last,  
With a rush and a whiz,  
Put a pat, pat-pat,  
To the jingling bell.  
Is the first to have  
Is the first to have.

Pat pat-pat.  
How they are there they are  
Flinging out the words,  
From nose and from  
From nose and from  
A word or a line  
For the sake of our sweet  
Our sweet.

Laughing, little one;  
Laughing, little one;  
For you are so shadowed  
By the shadow of a smile,  
By the smile of a smile,  
With your valentine a friend,  
There is no one like him  
In a neighbor's home.

Pat pat-pat.  
Let this be the way,  
Put a pat, pat-pat,  
To the jingling bell.  
And bright eyes gleam  
And young hearts beat  
For the sake of our sweet  
Our sweet.

There gather you spirits  
To your glad young hearts;  
By nature but born,  
With a smile of a smile,  
For our eyes are gleaming  
With a smile of a smile,  
With a smile of a smile,  
At Valentine!

## FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THOMAS,  
WIFE IN NAME ONLY," A BRIDGE  
FROM THE SEA, ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)  
An old man with hair as white as snow  
a worn, troubled face and hands that  
 trembled as they rested on his stick. He  
was standing before Lady Caravan, having as  
though she were the arbiter of life death.

I am Farmer Morse, my lady—  
Farmer Morse—and I want to speak to you.  
Lady Caravan stood quite still, but he  
was a man old and venerable that his  
appearance alone commanded respect.

“I am a man, my lady, and old and  
you were me. I am very much pleased to  
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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



## THE SEVEN RAVENS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN  
BY JULIA E. TORREY.

Long years ago, there lived a man named Steffen Ryssel, who was the master of a pleasant, happy home, and blessed with a good wife and seven happy boys. But his wife was not quite satisfied; something more was needed to make him feel perfect content; that something was the possession of a little daughter.

He so longed for one that during the day, back and forth in his home would dash the "fairy." "If I only had a little daughter, I would care for nothing more."

Back and forth the wish danced, and never rested; never left him, till one night he dreamed one had come to glad him best.

In the morning he did what he could.

He sent for the master of the picture.

"I am the Guiding Star and send you this picture of the sweet girl face, that floated like life before his closed eyes, would vanish, but, at last, with a long drawn sigh, his eyes opened. Then what should he do? Right off, he took a little baby girl, dressed in a willow-bark?" Springing up, he cried: "Oh, my dream-child! my dream-child! you have come to me in a living, breathing form!" Just then his eyes rested on a piece of paper pinned to the board upon which was written: "A present from the fairy, Wish-Grantor to Steffen Ryssel."

The bewildered man gazed for some time at his precious present, then called his boys to see it. Great was their wonder and admiration, for the babe was beautiful, but small and frail.

An account of his slender hold on life, the parents decided to have it baptized at once; so the father handed one of the boys the silver christening-bowl, and told him to go to the well and fill it with water.

The child, followed by the other seven, took the bowl and started off.

They reached the well, all wanted to draw the water; so, with words like these: "I'll fill the bowl for you, but you all drink from me," in their mouths, the bowl fell with a heavy splash, and sank deep down in the well.

With a leap of startled surprise, the brothers leaped over the edge, and pressed their faces to the bowl with a sigh, and far beyond their reach. Then they gazed towards the house, with one accord, while

the child still did not appear, he cried out in a pensive: "Those lousy boys! I wish they would all turn to ravens."

Scarcely were the words uttered before he heard a noise in the air above his head, and looking up, he saw seven coal-black ravens flying about him; for he instantly felt that his angry wish had been granted.

With clasped hands, with eyes filled with tears, he implored his master: "Oh, my merry boys! come back, come back to me! Feathers feathers! change into hair! Eyes so fierce, soft into those of my boys! Bird shape in bird shape! I depart, and leave no boys in the house!"

He was so great, his heart almost bursting to beat so high was his suspense, but the ravens flew on, on, and the father stood watching them, till only seven small specks were visible.

He bowed his head and crushed heart.

Steffen Ryssel entered the house and told the mother what had happened. Hergret was pensive to see; when it had somewhat subsided, they knelt down together, and prayed.

"O Father! Then I am the anguished we are feeling, sufficient punishment, then we're pay. They send our boys back to us, but! Then thinkth it best to keep them, as birds of the air, free from sin that can corrupt us and help us to bear this heavy affliction—help us to be strong. We thank you, O Father! The ravens can't be the birds in the air. So with Thore care, and watch over the seven ravens, whose souls are immortal. Peace has now come into our hearts, and we say: 'Thy will be done in the lands, in the sea, and in the air, and in every creature.' Amen."

One could see with what glee that they felt more resigned, and were determined to bear their trouble with cheerfulness.

The days passed on, and the little dwarf, Steffen Ryssel, so was she called—comforted her, and was necessary to their expectation she grew strong, and each day he became more beautiful.

Ebie did not know, for a long time, that she had had brothers; for the parents had concealed that fact from her. But one day it transpired that she heard two persons talk of her.

"How beautiful the girl is!" one said.

"Yes, but if she had never been brought into the world, her seven brothers would not have been doomed to such a terrible fate as the others."

"That's true," replied the first, "poor boy."

They now began to talk of other things, so Ebie could hear no more greatly disturbed, she hastened home, and started her parents by asking:

"Mother, I have just heard two persons in the village talking of me and my brothers! So tell me please, what has become of them?"

The parents could keep the secret no longer, than they answered.

"It was Heaven's will that when you came to us your seven lively brothers were changed into ravens. It was a hard fate, but rest content, little daughter, and do not worry about this—it will do no good."

But the girl thought daily of her ravens brothers. Feeling another brother, now that she, rest, all she determined—cost what it might to search over the world, trace out her brothers, and liberate them.

She, therefore, started out, taking nothing with her, but a small bag, which her mother had given her for luck, a loaf of bread for her hunger, a little pitcher of water to quench her thirst, and a little stool to rest upon when weary.

First she turned her steps to the east, journeying for miles and miles till she came

to the sun, but he looked at her fiercely, and as his breath came pouring down upon her, it felt so hot and scorching that she could not endure it, so she ran quickly away, going toward the West. This time the sun was greater, and the fire was more intense; till she came to the Moon; but this was such a cold place it made her shiver, and the Man in the Moon looked dark, scowling and wicked when he noticed the little girl, his great mouth opened, and with a voice like thunder: "I smell mortal flesh!"

Terribly frightened the poor child turned quickly away, running towards the North. On she sped till she came to the Stars. This time the stars were greater, and the fire was more intense; till she came upon her welcome. She seated herself upon her little stool, for she felt very tired.

Looking upward the North Star appeared, and the stars, smiling and winking down upon her, said: "Come with us, we have a little quite satisfied; something more was needed to make him feel perfect content; that something was the possession of a little daughter."

He so longed for one that during the day, back and forth in his home would dash the "fairy." "If I only had a little daughter, I would care for nothing more."

Back and forth the wish danced, and never rested; never left him, till one night he dreamed one had come to glad him best.

In the morning he did what he could.

"I am the Guiding Star of the silvery voice," exclaimed Ebie, "accept my thanks, my right hand, and my left, and my heart, and my soul, and my life, and my love. We all will ever praise thee, and be guided by thee."

Then carefully raising the magic stone, she tied it securely in her handkerchief, placed it in her pocket, and resumed her journey, going south as the star had bid her.

She went onward for a long time, till she came to the Glass Mountain. The castle gate being locked Ebie sought for the magic key, but to her astonishment, the key was not there.

She was a star, that brightens and purifies everything that touches it.

She rubs the dirt out of hearts and the bad out of mouths. Her very presence is like a fresh breeze, that brings the sweets and flowers to the earth. Her heart is a star, or is it the most beautiful?

"Mamma dear, may I go with Hattie and Charlie to get some pretty wild flowers?" said Ebie, "I have come to me in a living, breathing form!" Just then her eyes rested on a piece of paper pinned to the board upon which was written: "A present from the fairy, Wish-Grantor to Steffen Ryssel."

The bewildered man gazed for some time at his precious present, then called his boys to see it. Great was their wonder and admiration, for the babe was beautiful, but small and frail.

An account of his slender hold on life,

tell me what to do!"

Immediately she heard the wee voice answer:

"Something small enough to insert in the eye, will be the best to open it."

How eagerly the little girl went searching for something so small.

She could find nothing, but large stones, she sat down with a little cry of disappointment.

Shortly after this, her eye happened to glance at her hand, she jumped down among the blossoms.

With many "Oh! oh! oh!" their little fingers were busy gathering the pretty flowers, while their merry, happy laughter was as fragrant with sweets as were the blossoms.

"Oh! I know!" and tried to force her little finger in the lock, but it was too large.

"This will never do!" cried she. "If I let you open my eyes again this will never do!"

She then inserted the poor bleeding little thing in the lock. As she was charmed by this proof of sister-love, the gate flew quickly open and Ebie entered.

A little dwarf stepped briskly towards the gate, and said:

"Hattie! Hattie! take for the plank, quick! Hide back of the big rock, and I stand guard!"

Hattie flew across in a flash, but Ebie looked up with a smile and said:

"I couldn't do that. I promised mamma not to cross, and, besides, they won't hurt us, nobody ever hurts us," and she laughed a little silly laugh, as if the thought amused her.

These two little men were near, and noticing how wretched and poor they looked, she danced out toward them, and said:

"Oh! let me take that bottle and fill it with water, and put a lovely bunch of flowers in it for you, for you to look at and smell. You are so sweet and pretty, and I'm sure I like them very much."

The surprise and wonder of these men were so great that, in the bewilderment of their minds, they gazed at Ebie in great fear, and then asked, in hasty tones:

"Are you an angel?"

"Yes," cried Ebie in amazed surprise, "I'm your mamma's own little girl, and I'm getting these flowers for her; and Charlie's got some too, for his mamma."

"Truly, as if shaken by a great wave, the man holding the little dwarf exclaimed:

"Once f--- was his heart almost bursting to beat so high was his suspense, but the ravens flew on, on, and the father stood watching them, till only seven small specks were visible."

"The Royal Ravens are not at home, but if you would like to wait till they return, we'll do that."

She then entered the house and told the mother what had happened. Hergret was pensive to see; when it had somewhat subsided, they knelt down together, and prayed.

"O Father! Then I am the anguished we are feeling, sufficient punishment, then we're pay. They send our boys back to us, but! Then thinkth it best to keep them, as birds of the air, free from sin that can corrupt us and help us to bear this heavy affliction—help us to be strong. We thank you, O Father! The ravens can't be the birds in the air. So with Thore care, and watch over the seven ravens, whose souls are immortal. Peace has now come into our hearts, and we say: 'Thy will be done in the lands, in the sea, and in the air, and in every creature.' Amen."

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First she turned her steps to the east, journeying for miles and miles till she came

## Sunshine Bessie.

BY CATHERINE BLOOMFIELD.

Bessie Warton is a pretty little girl, who sits about in her home, chirping and cooing like a happy young birdling. It is a regular nightingale's nest into which this little girl has nested. Her mamma is a plain little woman, and lives in a plain little house; but it is only the house that is so plain. If you could take a peep within the walls of the house, twould be like seeing the music and beauty that is contained in the music box. The music box is the name of the house, the name of the little girl, and the name of the music box.

She is a star, that brightens and purifies everything that touches it.

She rubs the dirt out of hearts and the bad out of mouths.

She is a star, that brings the sweets and flowers to the earth.

She is a star, that brings the flowers to the nose, as pure as the lily, needed as the violet, and as full of hope as our orchard trees in their blooming.

IMITATION MIMIC-MACHIN—A very good imitation of mimerchianum, which may be carved like the genuine article, can be made by peeling common potatoes and immersing them in water acidulated with 2 per cent. salicin, for about thirty-six hours. On blotting dry, the potato should be strong and compressed while drying.

—It is said that at the present rate of depreciation of the value of this country, in another century or two, wood will be almost of the value of gold.

Who knows that this is not an intuitive knowledge of this great truth which is at the base of the tramp-and-split in splitting some wood ready for the fireplace? He who perhaps does not wish even in a moment to be responsible for such a terrible disaster.

—A little learning is certainly sometimes a dangerous thing. If the goat that has just butted you, had carried knowledge that was illustrated in the principles of native force—the great agent of material progress—the consciousness of possessing such knowledge would be elate him that soon there would be a massacre of the innocents second only to that of Herod.

—The Laboratory of the System.

The stomach is the laboratory of the system, in which certain mysterious processes are carried on, that wonder us, and in the production of that wonderful extraction of the blood, which in a state of health carries laden with the elements of vitality to the remotest parts of the system. But when the stomach is sick, the blood is disordered, disorganized, blood manufacture is carried on irregularly, the circulation grows thin and sluggish, and the system suffers in consequence. Moreover indigestion reacts upon the liver and bowels, the liver and bowels react upon the stomach, and the stomach reacts upon the liver and bowels.

The brain also suffers by sympathy, and sick instances sleeplessness and nervous symptoms are engendered. Hostile to the stomach, the liver and bowels, gives pain, giddiness, and restlessness to the stomach, and to the bowels, the liver, and bowels, gives pain, giddiness, and restlessness to the stomach.

—It is a little learning that is certain sometimes a dangerous thing. If the goat that has just butted you, had carried knowledge that was illustrated in the principles of native force—the great agent of material progress—the consciousness of possessing such knowledge would be elate him that soon there would be a massacre of the innocents second only to that of Herod.

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—It is a little learning that is certain sometimes a dangerous thing. If the goat that has just butted you, had carried knowledge that was illustrated in the principles of native force—the great agent of material progress—the consciousness of possessing such knowledge would be elate him that soon there would be a massacre of the innocents second only to that of Herod.

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